

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON.

Twins Get Dream



He put the dream into a toad-skin bag and handed it to the little boy.

The Twins wished themselves up to the Dream Star where Eena Meena, the Magician, was boiling dreams.

"Is Light Fingers here?" asked Nancy, sticking in her head.

"No," answered Eena Meena. "What's he done now?"

"He's stolen the Fairy Queen's automobile," answered Nick.

"And we are hunting for it."

"Hm!" said Eena Meena rising his bushy eyebrows in surprise.

"Then I bet you a dollar some of my rivals have it. Either Twelve Roses or Tricky Trix, and that won't do at all. Just let me think."

"I'll have to help you get it."

So Eena Meena thought and thought.

"Say," he said finally, "I'm making a dream here that's a dandy. I'll tell you what it is. It's a dream about a railroad train."

"Light Fingers dreams this he'll think it's true, and he'll jump out so he won't get wrecked, and the magic automobile will stop. Then

you children can hop in and take it back to the Fairy Queen."

"That's a fine idea," said Nick. "Is the dream nearly done?"

"Yes," said Eena Meena. "Almost. I just have to shake in a little root and a little black smoke and a few nails into the kettle. There you are! It's all ready!"

He put the dream into a toad-skin bag and handed it to the little boy. "Don't lose it," advised the Magician, "and don't break the bag. If you do, you and Nancy will dream the dream yourselves and that would be dreadful."

"Where do you think we'll find Light Fingers?" asked Nancy.

"On the Milky Way," said Eena Meena. "It's fine for automobiles, and he's sure to be there. Hide yourselves behind the Dreamland Tree and he'll come along by and by."

The Twins left at once.

(To Be Continued.)

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white kitchen table, which was spread with two large loaves of bread, butter, mustard and pretty pink jam.

"May—may I have a drink of water?" asked Merwin Palmer a moment later. "This heat is frightful."

The girl with the violet eyes did not look up from her bread cutting. "The pump is there and dipper is hanging in the apple tree directly above. Help yourself."

Her voice was low and her tone cordial.

As soon as he had turned to go to the pump she looked after him. Afraid of traps, she was somehow fascinated by his figure—a figure so similar to the college man she had met in the city. His shoulders drooped as he pumped, and he looked very tired. When he called out "Thanks" she was again looking at her bread.

If he stared at her queerly she did not know it, for she was not even glancing his way.

"Maybe tramps are a lazy lot and don't deserve anything," she said half aloud, "but I'll bet a sandwich would taste good to him. Say!"

She called out. She did not know how to address him, and "say" seemed to be adequate.

He turned.

"Would you—care for a ham sandwich?"

He turned and hurried toward her.

For a moment she was startled. She had heard dreadful tales of tramps knocking girls senseless and going through the house to take everything of value; she had heard of one place near the next town, where a tramp had set fire to the house. She almost regretted her impulse.

"I don't know that you're hun-

gry," she said timidly. He looked so large now that he was coming up the porch steps and in the screen door. "But—I thought a ham sandwich—"

"Why," he said cordially in a booming voice, "I'd commit murder right now for a ham sandwich. I was just telling my pal down the road that a ham sandwich—"

She paled; he had a pal down the road—she did not dare look at him.

"May I help myself?" he asked as she made no effort to hand him the plate.

She nodded; her throat felt dry and hot and she wished that some of the family were home. "You— you might take one along to your pal—"

she said in a very little voice.

"Fine—" he said eating the sandwich with great relish. "Although a fellow who swears as he does doesn't deserve anything as good as this. It seems to me that you have met me—" he said and then stopped short.

Her face flamed; why had she called him back when he was on his way out of the yard? She dared not look at him. Panic overwhelmed her.

"Aren't you Faith Darrow?" he asked.

She looked at him now in surprise. "Yes."

"I'm—"

"You're never Merwin Palmer?" she gasped.

He nodded placidly. "I'm glad you remembered. I thought you didn't and—"

She laughed nervously. "Well, why—why didn't you say so at the start? I thought—you thought you were a tramp—in those clothes—"

He stared at his tan overalls. "The car broke down and Dave and I thought we'd fix it ourselves."

There was a strained silence as each followed thoughts concerning an evening where there was dancing, a balcony, certain words—and then the interruption of a crowd of dancers.

"Y'know—" it was Merwin Palmer who broke the silence. As he spoke he was unfastening the shoulder strap of his overall, revealing a well-cut suit beneath.

"Y'know, I always had a notion, Faith, that my fraternity pin would look better on you than on any one else in the world; suppose we—" he was holding out the pin which had never before been out of his hands.

A snort made them turn around. "So this is what you call getting a 'drink of water' while I lie under that car and sweat?" It was Dave, hot and tired.

"Here's a sandwich and there's the dipper far down the yard there by the pump. G'wan and get a drink," urged Merwin Palmer, with more cordiality than he had ever before shown. "G'wan, we're busy here."

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JOETOWN

Mrs. Belle Martin and Mrs. Sarah Hale were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Shaw Saturday.

P. G. Hayhurst and Roy Hall were business visitors in Mannington Saturday.

Miss Nora Shriver is the guest of her brother, Frank Shriver of Ohio.

James Shaw was a business visitor in Mannington Monday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hall Friday. The child has been named Gladys Catherine.

D. H. Crim and family and L. H. Shaffer and family motored to Waynesburg, Pa., Sunday.

A Sunday school picnic was held at the Oakdale Union Church Sunday.

The families of L. H. Shaffer and D. H. Crim attended the Clarkshurg Fair last week.

TO REBUILD CITY

SALONIKI, Greece, Sept. 22.—Saloniki, whose crumbling and blackened walls have been one of the eyesores of this part of the world for five years, is at last to be rebuilt. A corporation has been formed with a capital of 10,000,000 francs for the reconstruction of those parts of the city which were destroyed in the great fire of 1917.

Half this sum has been subscribed by the National Bank of Greece, three and a half million by Jewish capitalists, and the remainder by Saloniki Greeks.

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(To Be Continued.)

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THE youthfulness of these new Dresses will appeal to every youthfully inclined woman. The styles are youthful—the colors—the materials and even the sizes run as small as size 14 to 19 and 34 to 42. The largest size features Dresses designed on slenderizing lines. We have grouped this beautiful assortment on a new rack in the garment section where convenient choosing will be the order of the day. Materials by the way, include excellent crepes, such as Canton and crepe de chine, Poiret twill, wool serge and tricotine and colors are mostly navy blue and black.

Permit us to stress the quality of these Dresses. We are confident you've never seen better values for the money—no matter how far back you'll recall—and you'll not soon again find a similar offering at prices ranging \$12.50 to \$25.00.



There's No Better Proof of Osgood's Reasonable Prices Than the Prices Themselves.

WE could tell you endlessly that our prices are lower or lowest but mere words would never convince you.

The best way—and you owe it to yourself to seek the best way—is to come into the store frequently; examine our offerings; compare quality of materials and workmanship—gauge the nicety of fashioning; consider the variety of our assortments which assures so much better selections than when you are limited to a choice of a few dozen garments.

Indeed, the best way to learn conclusively the facts about Osgood's prices is to drop in whenever you are up town—go over our lines—read the price tags—try things on to see if they become you.

You can judge of the reasonableness so much better when you also judge those other important characteristics—quality of materials, workmanship, fashioning, as we suggest above.

If you only knew how welcome you are to visit this store, you surely would drop in every time you were down town.

Osgood's for Quality

Coats To Be Worn Any And All Times Now On Sale

\$15.95--\$19.75--\$25.00

WHEN you find such coats at this early date in the season—decidedly under-priced—it is high time to fill your need for one. These are splendidly made in regulation and sports models; in three quarter and full lengths; full and half lined in fine wool velours, cheviots and polarine; both plain and fur-collared. They are remarkably good values—and plenty from which to choose.

Special! Fall Skirts \$5.95

FOR the week-end we will specially offer an assortment of New Skirts in plain serges, tricotines and cheviots and plaid and striped prunella cloth. Really worth quite a bit more than the week-end selling price.

Special! Wool Scarfs \$2.95 to \$7.50

THE new angora and worsted scarfs for the new season have arrived and embrace delightful novelties of design and coloring. They come in a variety of widths and lengths and are of the customary Osgood's quality.

Suits of Excellent Quality are now Specially Priced \$29.75 and \$39.75

At either of these two figures one can purchase a wonderfully fine suit for Fall and Winter wearing. There are several smartly tailored modes as well as a plentiful number of dressy styles trimmed with genuine fur collars. Materials are all-wool, of course, and we doubt that you've seen the equal in the way of workmanship at similar prices in several years. Sizes for small figures, regulation and also extra sizes—and slenderizingly designed models—for stout women.

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The Boat Left Without Them

BY ALLMAN

